

THE PORTRAIT SHE PAINTED.

She was a little thing, with a small and piquant face. She wore a vivid blue and white striped gown, which all her friends had come to know her by, and her blonde head made a spot of pale gold against the gray wall of her studio, as she stood there working vigorously in the clear spring sun light. The two, the gown and the hair, were the only glances of striking color in the place, and they sprang upon a visitor's eye from among their sombre surroundings like a charming surprise. The gown, if rather bizarre, was not the least delightful, and the blue of the stripe was not more than her sparkling eyes, so that on the whole its gairishness was to be pardoned. There was little else in the place to call for such an apology.

It was a long, gray, bare room, and it needed something flashing and young and alert to break the monotony of its time-stained walls, its dingy rafters, its curtainless windows.

If she had been less careless, she might have found some rugs for the floors, and a woman to sweep and clean. For dust and dinginess and cobwebs did not annoy Selina Rathe. Having a horror of varnish and restraint, she went to the other extreme.

As she worked, she was frequently interrupted. A crippled Frenchman came with jonquils and primroses.

The janitor stopped to mend a broken skylight. A small boy presented a bill, and was sent away with a handful of silver change, which he rattled all along the corridor. At last a fourth summons did not take her from her place, but turning her face over her shoulder, and raising her brows, she shrilly cried "Come in. The door opened, and there entered a woman."

The door was at the farther end of the studio. Therefore, the stranger had the opportunity of fully observing that little figure in its unconventional apparel, that mobile face, that brightly loosely arranged hair, which was fastened at the nape of her slim neck with a velvet bow, and fell in light curls above her beautiful eyes, before Selina had reached her. Selina, on the other hand, saw a very striking young woman of a type she had never before happened to encounter.

The girl's name was Evalyn Pennington. She was conspicuous and harmless and commonplace. She wore a great deal of fur, and a bunch of violets pinned upon her muff. Her velvet hat tipped up from her face, and was covered with plumes. She was very handsome in a low-browed, full lipped style. But "theatre" was bazoned in everything about her—her carriage, her smile, her accent. Selina regarded her with startled comprehension. A flush of color overspread her little face, and left it pale.

"I have come for my portrait," announced the girl.

"I heard of you from one of my friends. He said you were very clever and quick."

"Very well," said Selina, with scarcely a pause, "I will paint your portrait, and I dare say it can be done in three or four sittings. Who was it sent you?"

"Mr. Phillips."

"Then you are—"

"Evalyn."

She said it with almost a swagger. Selina faintly smiled.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Pennington? You were right in supposing Mr. Phillips has spoken to me of you. When can you arrange to come. Would tomorrow do? I understand he—you—are in something of a hurry."

"Yes, he is," she answered unblushingly. "He's been after me for weeks

to have it done. Very silly of him, I am sure." She arose. "Then I'll come tomorrow." Her eyes ran over the room. "What an awfully dreary place! Why don't you have it painted? No portieres, no swords, no china, I thought studios were always pretty," she said naively, meeting Selina's eyes. "There. I must go. Shall I come early—at nine?"

"If you please."

"Then good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The door closed. Selina stood motionless, looking with dilated eyes at the blank space in front of her. She was trembling. Presently she began to walk back and forth, her eyes wide, her shaking hands clasped behind her.

"It's very absurd," she said, stopping at last in front of a little Pysche, and addressing it. "A comic tragedy, or a tragic comedy? Miss Pennington ought to know. But we can't ask Miss Pennington."

In the morning, although it rained, Evalyn Pennington came. Throwing open the door with scarcely a knock, she entered to find Selina kneeling before the stone grate, patiently kindling a fire. When she arose, she confronted Evalyn with so colorless a face and such shadowy eyes, that even that obtuse young lady was impressed.

"Say, you don't look well," she cried, drawing back and regarding Selina. "You're awfully pale. Aren't you well?"

"Thanks, I didn't sleep nicely," said Selina. "I'm well enough. Shall we begin at once?"

She seated Evalyn in a low chair, arranged her velvet skirts, and raised her dark head a trifle. Then she commenced to paint, rapidly, even feverishly, answering at the same time the steady fire of questions, all on the same subject, that Evalyn poured upon her.

"Know Mr. Phillips well?" she said, carefully selecting her brushes. "Oh yes, I know him very well. He is good enough to come here and criticise my work, and offer advice on the subject of shadows and foreshortening. I knew Mr. Phillips in Illinois where our homes are. Do you mind kicking that rug to one side? Thanks."

"Knew him when he was a boy!" cried Evalyn. "How lovely! You must tell me all about it. I suppose you've heard about me—about us being—"

"I know," said Selina hastily.

"Was he a nice boy?"

"Not particularly," she answered drily. "He threw up his college course and disappointed all his friends and spent more money than was good for him. Still," a little absently, "I rather liked him."

"Of course," said the other enthusiastically. "And you like him now?"

"Oh well, yes," she answered evasively. "When he amuses me."

She looked reproach. "He sent me to you."

"Yes—he sent you—to me—for your portrait." She laid a curious emphasis on the words. They rang loud and clear through the studio. "Yes, he sent you—to me—for your portrait." She laughed. "Move your hand just the fraction of an inch to the right—that will do. You remind me that I haven't thanked him yet. But if I do my work very nicely—if I make him a very beautiful picture—don't you think that will be thanks enough?" And she raised her eyes, very bright and mocking and inscrutable, to the others face. Miss Evalyn Pennington only stared. She couldn't comprehend her.

But the work went on very well. It took four sittings. Evalyn came and went, in her furs and velvets and violets, and each time she found Selina

exactly the same—an energetic, engaging little figure, with a pale face and a mode of speech she could not follow. She pursued her, as she moved back and forth, with a fascinating gaze, and did not attempt to reply to her clever speeches. She was dominated, shy, subdued, before those imperious eyes, that daring tongue.

When the picture was finished, Selina called her to see it. She came with a deprecating step she had learned inside the studio, and took her place at Selina's side. The two looked.

It was very beautiful. Evalyn Pennington was sitting in a low chair, her hands in her lap, her head thrown slightly back. The coloring—the golden-brown lights of cheek and throat—the warm shadows about the eyes—even the texture of the velvet—were all charmingly rendered. But they were right who called Selina clever. How was it she had contrived to make a face at once so beautiful and so unattractive? How was it that in so short a time Selina had arrived at every plebeian tendency, and every ignoble possibility, and every unlovely trait of the other's nature, and arrayed them there beside this grace of outline and glowing color? Did the casual turn of a lip, the tilt of an eyelid, hold such significance? Well, it had all crept in somewhere. It was a common face—it was an empty face, while you admired the bloom you wondered how long the bloom would last—what it would leave behind. It was trickery, not art had accomplished such a thing. But all so subtle—so indefinable. It defied analysis.

The two girls looked. Evalyn's exclamations of delight died away, as a faint conception of the picture's significance dawned upon even her blunt sensibility. It was like—oh yes, wonderfully like. And beautiful—

"Someway, I don't quite like the expression," said Evalyn.

Selina regarded the picture with a look that was a caress.

"Don't you?" she said. "But it isn't for you—it's for him."

"Yes," said Evalyn. Stealthily, she sighed.

EDITH L. LEWIS.

WIND IN THE CORN.

I love to lie in the prairie grass
As the sun's noon-heat is born
And list to the lisp of the lashing
leaves

As the wind blows through the corn.

For it sings me a song of a land that's
free

Of a sod unwounded and clean
Where antelopes race and buffaloes
find

A pasture level and green.

Where the redman roams in search of
game

Or wars in his naked strength
And sleeps at night in the fragrant
grass

A bronzed and brawny length.

For the sound of the wind in the corn
is soft

As the sigh of a child in sleep,
As soothing and calm as the drifting
dark

That falls from the bluish deep.

It does not moan as it does in the
pines

Nor wail as it does on the sea,
But sings a song, faint, far and low
A marvelous melody.

I love to lie in the prairie grass
As the sun's noon heat is born

And list to the lisp of the lashing
leaves

As the wind blows through the corn.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

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THE YOUNG QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

On August 31, 1898, a young girl in Holland celebrated her eighteenth birthday. Six days later, in royal robes, seated on a throne erected in the "Nieuwe Kerk," in Amsterdam, she took the oath which made her Queen of the Netherlands. Not since the coronation of Queen Victoria of England, sixty years ago, has a young girl come to a throne; and as Victoria was, so is Wilhelmina; a charming, brilliant, and thoroughly feminine woman, and with great possibilities in prospect, although her kingdom is so much smaller. Her full name is Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Maria. The hereditary name, Wilhelmina, was given to her, as she comes of a long line of Williams, or Wilhelms, in direct descent from William of Nausau.



QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND

She is the daughter of William III, king of the Netherlands, who died November 23, 1890, and Emma, Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont.

In appearance, according to Edith Lawrence, who describes the installation in Harper's Bazar for September 10, the young queen is most pleasing. She has fair hair—a light brown—blue eyes, and a sweet, laughing expression. She is neither tall nor slender, as has been said, but is petite, with a well rounded shapey figure. Her complexion is beautiful. She loves to be well dressed, although up to the present time she has had little fine clothes and costly raiment. To wish to look her best is any woman's privilege, may she be queen or peasant maid.

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